
THE
LADIES'
MONTHLY MUSEUM.

OCTOBER, 1819.

MISS FRANCES MARIA KELLY.

ANXIOUS to render our work deserving of the liberal patronage which it receives, we endeavour in our Biographical Sketches of celebrated females, to select those ladies who are the most likely to be objects of interest to our fair readers; such of them as are admirers of the drama, will, we are sure, agree with us, that we could not have made a better choice for our present Number, than Miss Kelly; a brief sketch of whose professional career we now proceed to present them with.

Her first appearance on this busy, bustling scene of mortal turmoil was at Brighton, in which town she was born, in the year 1790. She is the sister of Miss Lydia Kelly, who appeared at Drury-lane theatre in Juliet, some seasons back, and the niece of Michael Kelly, so well known for his skill as a composer, and formerly so much distinguished as a singer. Her father, Mr. Mark Kelly, placed her, when she was only seven years of age, under the tuition of his brother Michael, to whom she was articled for a term of nine years. She became at a very early age familiar with the boards; for we find that she was brought forward in chorusses soon after she had attained her ninth year. She appeared also in some of the few parts suited to

her age; and we understand, that she displayed very great promise of future excellence in the character of the infant Duke of York, in *Richard the Third*.

Her talents were not, however, of the precocious kind; time, experience, and study, were necessary to ripen her into the excellent actress she has since become. When she was about seventeen, she received an engagement at Glasgow, where she performed for some time successfully, though not with great *eclat*. From Glasgow she came to the Haymarket theatre, where Mr. Mathews, who had married her half sister, was just then rising into notice; here, however, she performed only trifling parts; but she evinced in these so much talent, and, above all, such a strict adherence to nature, as induced Mr. Arnold to give her an engagement when the remains of the Drury-lane company removed to the English Opera House, under his management.

From that period, she rose rapidly in public estimation; it was soon discovered that she possessed considerable versatility of talent; at first, her efforts were confined to lively girls and chambermaids; but her performance of *Zorayda*, in *Rich and Poor*, shewed that she was as capable of melting the heart by deep pathos, as of exhilarating the spirits by her comic exertions.

There is a species of character which may be termed exclusively Miss Kelly's own; we mean those rustic heroines, who are placed in such situations as to call forth the expression of strong feeling. All our readers who have witnessed her performance of *Annette*, in *The Maid and Magpie*, *Mary*, in *The Maid of the Inn*, and other characters of a similar description, will, we think, join in our testimony to the exquisite truth and nature with which she portrays them. In fact, she so completely identifies herself with the character she represents, that the heart must be cold and callous indeed, which she cannot seduce into a momentary forgetfulness of the illusion of the scene.

In chambermaids, this lady is superior to any actress of the present day, Mrs. C. Kemble excepted. There are

some characters of this description, to which she gives a degree of importance which we never saw them have in the hands of any other actress. One of these is the little part of Isalinda's maid, in the comedy of *The Busy Body*, which, though very trifling in itself, she contrived to render so prominent and amusing as to draw forth loud plaudits from an elegant audience. A most respectable diurnal critic, in speaking of her acting in this character, observed, that "One must have seen it played by her, in order to be able to conceive how much might be done with a part, in itself so extremely trifling."

At the English Opera House, where she always performs in the summer, Miss Kelly frequently comes forward in the first line of comedy; but here we cannot in justice say, that she is equally happy; her frank and natural manner but ill agrees with the refined coquetry, and studied polish, of Charlotte, in *The Hypocrite*, or the sentimental elegance of Isabel Vere, in *The Black Dwarf*. Heroines of this description too, are invested, we know not how, by our imagination, with certain personal fascinations; for the want of which, nothing but supereminent talent can be deemed a compensation: that Miss Kelly plays them in a style of respectable mediocrity, cannot be denied; but she was not made for mediocrity, and we earnestly wish, that she would never diminish her well-earned fame, by being seen in parts, in which her acting must be unfavourably contrasted with her general excellence.

We have not ourselves any knowledge of her private character; but we have heard, and we believe it to be true, that it is an amiable one. One trait in it must entitle her to respect and esteem; she is said to have been a most affectionate daughter; and, we understand, that the fruits of her professional labours have been appropriated to the most praiseworthy purpose, that of contributing to the comfort of a parent.

She is rather undersized, but extremely well-made; no actress, since the juvenile days of the late lamented Mrs. Jordan, has appeared on the metropolitan boards in male

attire to such advantage as Miss Kelly. She is equally easy and graceful, whether she is habited *en homme*, or in the costume of her own sex. Her voice is rich, and of considerable compass. She has an expressive and intelligent countenance, to which our artist has done complete justice in the highly-finished likeness, with which we have the pleasure to present our readers.

IMPROMPTU.

THE late Rev. Dr. De la Cour, of the city of Cork, in Ireland, was a very great poetic genius, even to the latest period of his long life; he was very eccentric in manners always, and frequently very careless and inattentive in his dress; he was thought a little deranged, and it might, at times, be really the case; but the flashes of a brilliant imagination existed to the last, and never forsook him. At the time I am speaking of, he was turned of eighty-four years, when he heard that the son of his particular friend had married a wealthy *rope-maker's* daughter, whose large fortune made some amends for her *vulgarity* and defective education; he immediately, sans ceremony, for he never used any, waited on the bride and bridegroom, to pay his respects; but the lady, instead of receiving the old gentleman politely, turned up her nose, and burst out laughing at the oddity of his dress and appearance. "So, sir," said the doctor, as the young gentleman advanced cordially to welcome him, "I came to give you joy; but I can't; your father-in-law is a *rope-maker*, I find; you have only one comfort left in view; he can supply you any day with a *cord gratis*. As for you, madam," turning indignantly to the bride,—

"If *tow* were spun and wove in *silken* geers,
In spite of art, its *coarseness* still appears."

The doctor took a pinch of snuff, turned on his heel, and instantly departed.

VIEWS OF LIFE AND CHARACTER.

No. VI.

To C. CANDID, Esq.

SIR,

I WISH, my good sir, you, who are so fond of truth, would give us a paper on the shameful violation of it, committed by many people, who take advantage of the licence allowed to travellers, to give us such exaggerated pictures of the advantages to be derived from a trip to Paris, as induces many plain, sober people, who are incapable of deceit themselves, and, consequently, do not suspect it in others, to go to France, with a view either of pleasure or cheerfulness; and when they arrive there, they find they have given up the comforts of home, and encountered a whole host of disagreeables, for no other purpose than to be laughed at, and, perhaps, cheated into the bargain, by our Gallic neighbours. Such at least has been my case; and as my fate may be a warning to others, not to believe all they are told of the advantages which our neighbours possess over us, I will, as briefly as I can, state the particulars of it to you.

I am possessed of an easy independence, and have always lived within my income. My wife used to pique herself upon knowing how to make money go as far as anybody; to do her justice, our housekeeping was very well conducted; and she was moderate enough in her personal expences. I have only one child, a daughter, who has been from her infancy, at least in her mother's eyes and mine, all that a parent could wish. A short time ago, a family, with whom we were acquainted, went to Paris; and, at their return, gave us such an account of it, that my wife and

daughter conceived it must be the most delightful place in the world ; and even I myself, though I did not openly say so, fancied that one might spend a few months there with pleasure and advantage. However, as I am very fond of home, I was in no hurry to set out ; but my wife and daughter teased me incessantly to make a trip. My rib, as I have said, piques herself on her management ; and she assailed me on the score of economy. " Consider, my dear Charles," cried she, " how much we may save, as well as live comfortably into the bargain, in a country where provisions are less than half the price they are here. Then think what an advantage it will be to our Harriet to acquire the true Parisian accent, as well as to gain that grace and polish which is only to be acquired in France."

This last argument, sir, had nearly destroyed the effect of the other two ; for I have too much of the John Bull in my own composition to wish to see any member of my family *Frenchified* either in their manners or sentiments ; and, besides, to tell you the truth, I think that French polish agrees as ill with genuine English diffidence, as rouge with a quaker's bonnet. I expressed myself so plainly on this point, that my wife immediately abandoned it ; but she resumed her former arguments with additional vigour and earnestness ; and though often repulsed, she always returned to the charge. She was ably seconded by my daughter ; and at last, partly by teasing, partly by coaxing, my consent was gained ; and we set out for Paris.

Till we reached Dover, my wife was loud in her exclamations of surprise and indignation at the shameless extortion which we met with every where on the road. At length we landed at Calais ; and she congratulated herself on being free from the impositions of inn-keepers. It appeared, however, that her self-congratulations were rather premature ; for we did not find travelling a jot cheaper in France than in England ; the only difference was, that, in the latter we paid exorbitantly for clean, comfortable apartments, and good dinners and suppers ;

and in the former, we paid equally high for dirty, miserable rooms, and provisions, which we very often could not eat, owing to the manner they were dressed.

My rib, though not remarkable for her patience in general, bore all this very well; she was even philosopher enough to draw good out of evil, by assuring me that these little inconveniences would make us enjoy the comforts of Paris with a higher degree of relish.

Well, sir! when we arrived at the boasted capital of the great nation, we looked out immediately for private apartments, which we had some trouble to procure in a good situation, because nearly all the best lodgings were already occupied by the English. Those that I had the luck to get at last, were very magnificent; there were mirrors and gilding enough in all conscience, but I would cheerfully have exchanged them for a common English stove, and a little cleanliness.

My wife, however, was determined to see every thing *couleur de rose*. She was forced to admit, that the immense hearths, and the dogs at each side, had not so neat a look as the fire-places we were accustomed to; but it was so much more wholesome to burn wood than coal, that we ought not to mind appearances. In order to reconcile me to the want of cleanliness, she gravely attempted to prove that French dirt was not filthy. How she would have managed her argument I cannot tell, for I denied the major part of it pettishly enough; and as she saw that I was not just then in a humour to be reasoned out of my senses, she had sufficient prudence to begin another subject.

As soon as we were settled, Mrs. Homebred informed me, that it was absolutely necessary for herself and my daughter to equip themselves *à la Française*; the expence of which, she assured me, would be a mere trifle. However, when they went to Madame de Roy's, there were so many things which she must purchase, because she could not appear with propriety without them, and so many more, the greatest bargains in the world, as Madame assured

her, that she laid out more money that morning, than would have sufficed for a whole year's frippery at home; and when Harriet and she joined me at dinner, they were so strangely metamorphosed, that I hardly knew them.

"Why, what in the name of wonder do you call this?" cried I, to my daughter, pointing at the same time to her gown, which was furbelowed higher than her knee. "Oh! this, papa, is the robe *à la vierge*." "The robe *à la* fool, rather?" cried I; "why, child, you look like a Friezeland hen;" for she had as many furbelows, I must tell you, about her neck as about her heels; "is this a dress of a girl of seventeen?" "Yes!" interposed my wife; "and a very modest, as well as fashionable one; and I think you ought to be pleased to see how carefully the girl has avoided all display of her person." These words drew my attention to Mrs. Homebred; and I could not help saying, "Truly, in that respect, she has the advantage of her mother; for I must confess, she is the most decently disfigured of the two." "Disfigured!" cried Mrs. Homebred, with a violent toss of her head; "I don't know what you mean by disfigured; I am sure nothing can be more elegant than my dress; it was made from one ordered by *Madame la Comtesse de Parvenue*." "I have no objection to Madame de Parvenue going half naked, if she chuses," cried I; "but I do not see why my wife, who never exceeded the bounds of delicacy while she was young, should be induced, by her ladyship's example, to overstep them now that she is grown old."

I wish, Mr. Candid, you could have seen the effect which this unwelcome truth produced upon my poor wife; it put her into such a rage, that I, who am naturally of a peaceable disposition, was glad to purchase quietness by more compliments and excuses than I have made to her since we were married; and after all, our reconciliation, when it was effected, was not on her part a sincere one; for I had nothing but sullen looks and short answers for a week afterwards.

(To be concluded in our next.)

THE BATTUECAS;

A ROMANCE,

FOUNDED ON A MOST INTERESTING HISTORICAL FACT.

TRANSLATION,

FROM THE FRENCH OF MADAME LA COMTESSE DE GENLIS.

(Continued from page 135.)

IN going out of the valley, Placid heard Inès and Theophilus secretly sigh; and he himself felt the most painful sensations. They got into a berlin, drawn by four horses—the sky was covered with clouds, and it was seen to lighten—Inès, affrighted, threw her arms around the neck of Placid, saying, in a faltering voice, Ah! my friend, a tempest already!—At this instant, the motion of the carriage so much alarmed Placidia, that she fell a crying; and Theophilus, reeling and astonished, every minute was strongly clasping either the hand of Inès, or his father's. In half-an-hour, the children were asleep; and did not awake till break of day. Then they went into a house, where an excellent breakfast was prepared. The person sent by Don Pedro to conduct them, took out a portmanteau, which contained clothes for Placid and his family; and they stript off the inelegant garments of the valley. This exchange delighted Placidia, who, on receiving the muslin gown and pretty shawl which were handed to her, and seeing herself so adorned in a mirror, recovered her spirits. Placid smiled, and sighed, when he looked at her. This magic dress, said he, has metamorphosed her; she is no longer a girl of the valley! For she looked so handsome in this new costume, that all the people of the house ran to see her.

The rest of the journey was happily passed. The curiosity and surprise of the children would have amused Placid, if he had been less disturbed by the thought that he was going to see Donna Bianca again, and should find her in despair, and indifferent to him. He was determined not to see her, if he could excuse himself, and to confine himself to the company of Don Pedro; this resolution satisfied his wounded heart; but, like all projects formed in anger, there was very little sincerity in it.

After a journey of four days, they arrived at Don Pedro's estate; and enter the avenue which gives them a view of the castle at the bottom—Placid starts, and his eyes fill with tears! The object of the strongest passion he once felt, and now of the tenderest friendship, Donna Bianca, is in that house! He fancies her languishing and undone; he forgets his secret discontent; he sees no one but her; he thinks of nothing but her misfortune; and his heart is torn!—It was eight o'clock in the morning; and Placid, seeing Don Pedro on the steps of the castle, throws himself into his arms;—neither of them could speak;—they embraced each other, and wept for joy. Don Pedro quickly conducted Inès and the children to the apartment which was intended for them. At the mere sight of Theophilus, Don Pedro was extremely affected. He then took Placid to his own room; and, requesting him to sit down, said, Ah! my friend, I am much to be pitied! my wife knew not her misfortunes till within the last fortnight; and, in spite of every precaution, she has discovered the frightful circumstances attending it! Excuse me at this moment from relating this tragic event; and when I shall disclose the whole, our misfortunes will certainly draw forth more of your compassion. Let us only speak of Donna Bianca now, my friend; her life is in danger.—Good heaven!—She is resigned with angelic piety; and neither complains, nor weeps; neither takes consolation, nor discloses her feelings. It seems as if, in the most determined manner, she had bid an eternal adieu to this world: she is indifferent to all that is passing in it; and nothing can rouse

her from this state of stupor and dejection. She takes no rest: and her paleness and wasting are every day more alarming. The physicians have declared, that she must actually be freed from this deep dejection by a violent shock, that will revive her feelings, and call forth her tears. Nothing can better effect this revolution than the sight of you and your son; she knows that you are here; and expects you. Call Theophilus, and come——No, no; answered Placid; she shall not see Theophilus to-day; I cannot think of seeing her again but to break her heart! As he spoke these words, a valet de chambre came to say, that Donna Bianca asked for Placid and his children; and it was impossible to deny her. Placid, in a state of perturbation more easily conceived than described, went for his children. Don Pedro, wishing to be spared the pain of witnessing such a heart-rending scene, remained in his room.

Placid, taking Theophilus and Placidia by the hand, went to the apartment of Donna Bianca. Great God! said he, am I then going to renew the violence of her sorrow by shewing her my son, who is the same age as the child she has lost! No, Theophilus shall not enter; I will only shew her Placidia—and perhaps it would be better not to present them both for some days. Agitated with these thoughts, Placid goes to the anti-chamber in front of the closet in which Donna Bianca was waiting for him: he places the two children behind a door, and tells them to remain there in silence till he returns for them; then he enters in tears, and sees Donna Bianca laid upon a sofa, near which one of her attendants was seated. Donna Bianca was so placed, that he could only see her long tresses of hair fastened to her head. He advances trembling—at length he discovers that countenance whose features are so deeply engraved on his memory; but he no longer saw that beauty of brilliant freshness which effaced the lustre of every other; he saw but a touching shade of it, which seemed ready to be annihilated!—He supports himself against the back of a chair, without having either the

power to sustain himself, or offer a single word. Donna Bianca, too much oppressed to be affected, raises her heavy and languishing eyes; and, in a feeble tone, invites him to sit down. He obeys; and surveys her with inexpressible terror; in vain he examines that beloved countenance for the enchanting expression which once embellished it; and finds not even that of grief; this form, ever rendered striking by its nobleness and regularity, still bears the august impress of modesty and virtue; but, tarnished and motionless, like a beautiful alabaster statue, she appears to be deprived of life; and is no longer animated by sensibility! After a long silence, I know, she says, that your children are here; and I wish to see them. She pronounced these words so coldly, that Placid was no longer afraid, lest the presence of Theophilus should give her a painful sensation. He rose, and went for the children; and, holding Theophilus behind him, he advanced with Placidia. But Donna Bianca had no sooner thrown her eyes upon this child than she appeared to be affected:—she looks at her stedfastly; and her cheeks are coloured with a slight carnation;—she stretches out her arms to her, and Placidia throws herself upon her neck in the most affecting manner.—Donna Bianca presses Placidia to her bosom, and looks at her still;—her physiognomy recovers all its expression, and tears inundate her face.—Oh! says she, what a resemblance! How old is she?—I believe she is four years and a half, or five years of age.—You believe? how! know you not her age?—No; she is not my daughter; but an unknown child, whom, during the horrors of the war, I saved from a great fire.—At these words, Donna Bianca, collecting supernatural power, rises from her couch, throws herself on her knees, and joining her hands in strong emotion, cries out, O! my God! how dare I ask a miracle of you; but you give me a glimpse of it. O! supreme goodness! deign to realize the hope of a mother: and by one of the most affecting miracles, make her pass from inconsolable distress to the height of happiness!—After this prayer, she rises, sits down, and, in broken accents, ques-

tions Placid about the place in which he found the child. The answer increases her transports. And had she not on her neck, says she, a golden chain?—Yes, answered Placid; she wears it still; here it is, with the enamelled cross, under her shawl.—It is she! it is she! interrupts Donna Bianca. O Providence! O my God!—She can say no more, but faints. Placid, terrified, calls Don Pedro with reiterated cries. They run to look for him; and the castle resounds with this universal exclamation—The child is not dead! the child is found again!—In the midst of this general tumult, Placid sees no one but Donna Bianca, motionless, and deprived of her senses. Every assistance is bestowed on her; she soon opens her eyes again, and truly returns to life, since she recovers all those feelings which made her cherish it. Her first look searches for Placidia; and My daughter! my daughter! are the first words that she utters. At this instant, Don Pedro, embarrassed, appears, and runs to her. O! my friend, said Donna Bianca, let us prostrate ourselves at Placid's feet; he is the preserver of our child; he has restored her to us! behold her! Don Pedro, transported, knows not how to express what he feels. The intoxication of joy prevents these three personages from articulating more than a few words by way of explanation, demanded by Don Pedro; but without any connected dialogue. Donna Bianca strongly pressed Placidia to her heart, as if she feared that some one would take her away from her. Don Pedro and Placid contemplated this happy mother, thanked heaven, embraced, and wept profusely. Suddenly Theophilus, who till then, astonished, had been kept aside in a corner of the room, sorrowfully came forward, saying to Placid, in a plaintive tone, Father! Placidia will then no longer be my sister?—Dear child, cried Don Pedro, she shall be thy wife!—Yes, resumed Donna Bianca, and this union was the wish of our hearts before gratitude had made it a duty. These words raised Placid to the height of enthusiasm and happiness.

(To be concluded in our next.)

UNCLE JOHN;

A Tale.

(Continued from page 139.)

THIS information gave Emily the most serious alarm; for she had habitually acquired a dread of his arbitrary manner, and knew she could advance no arguments in favour of her own opinion, that he would not combat with all the asperity of sarcasm and indignation. Her trial soon came on; for Mr. Mordaunt one morning entered the breakfast-room with several letters in his hand. "Upon my word, Miss Emily," said he, gravely, "I am finely worried with your admirers. It is high time we returned to the country, unless you would please to leave off your coquetting, and come to some prudent determination." "I am concerned, sir," replied Emily, "that you should accuse me of coquetry; I certainly have not given you cause to judge my actions with so much severity; and it is far from my wish, that you should be troubled with the nonsensical application of persons to whom I have been merely civil, in consideration of their being your friends." "Well, well!" returned the old man, quickly; "perhaps I made use of an improper term. However, I wish to know seriously and decidedly, Emily, what answer I am to return to these four letters." "When you inform me who they are from, my dear sir," said Emily, smiling, "I will do as you require, without a moment's hesitation." "I am not quite sure of that," muttered her uncle, rubbing his forehead; "however, the first is Sir Philip Singleton; he offers a splendid establishment, a title, and the gratification of all your wishes." "Very liberal indeed, sir; but in the last-mentioned case, he offers more than he has the power to bestow, and in the former, more than I feel in-

clined to accept." "You are a strange girl, Emily;—so I suppose I am to send him a positive denial?" "Undoubtedly, sir; I am not ambitious." "Well! then here is Oldreeve, the merchant; he talks of matrimonial comfort, domestic enjoyments, rational attachment, &c. &c. all in your own way, I believe; what say you to him?" "Literally nothing, sir. You know he has had two wives already; I have no desire to be the third; for, I understand, he never let either of them know a happy hour."

"Well! here is Mr. Egerton; surely you have nothing to object against in a young man so agreeable, and so warmly attached; I may say also, an amiable young man." "It is for that very reason I must reject him also, sir; for I should be base indeed, to bestow on a worthy object a hand without a heart." "Well, miss! you must do as you please; I find, young as you are, you have a will of your own. Now here is a fourth, from a presumptuous young fellow, who has scarcely any thing to say for himself; he has neither money nor connections, but trusts to his tolerable looking person, and, what he calls, honourable character, for success. I suppose I may send him a flat refusal?" "You have not named him," said Emily, with heightened colour. "Oh! I forgot; 'tis young Ainslie." "Ainslie!" repeated Emily, in a faltering tone; "has he indeed, ventured?" "Aye, I thought you would be astonished at his assurance; and, though your mother was silly enough to imagine you had a sort of liking for him, I knew you had too much sense." Emily cast her eyes down, and made no reply. "Why, surely," said he, looking at her with a severe air, "you do not hesitate?" Emily burst into tears. "Well, child! I am not angry with you; I only ask you to be candid. Tell me, should you prefer this young man, if his circumstances justified his proposing for you?" "I cannot deny it, sir." "Well! you may read his letter; and then, perhaps, you will know better how to decide." Emily took the letter, and read as follows:—

My dear sir,

With equal surprise and joy, I reply to your kind letter; and find expression too feeble to give you an adequate idea of the emotions it gave rise to. You acknowledge me to be your son; that in itself would be a sufficient happiness for me, independent of the worldly advantages attached to that avowal; advantages which, I must say, I should be unwilling to enjoy at the expense of another. Do I presume too much in begging that I may not be the means of depriving Miss Montgomery of that fortune to which she is justly entitled, and which she had a reasonable right to expect? At least let me hope that your generosity will be extended to us equally. Permit me, sir, to address her in the language of honourable affection; if I am favourably received, it will be immaterial to which of us you extend your liberality; if not, I have in my profession a resource, and the means of obtaining a decent competence. Your answer will regulate the conduct of

Your obedient and grateful son,

HENRY AINSLIE.

"Ainslie your son!" exclaimed Emily; "this is, indeed, a surprise. How noble, how disinterested, he appears!" "Yes; I like him for the way in which he bears his good luck; and he shall be no loser by it. I suppose you are curious to know the whole affair; but I must reserve the history of my early folly for your mother. So now, Emily, dry up your tears; for I am not very much displeased at your taking a fancy to one so like your uncle John; and now let this kiss assure you, that I forgive your calling me old and ugly; but must desire you will never do so again." Emily thanked him with tears and smiles; and then flew to impart the welcome tidings to her mother.

Mr. Mordaunt took an early opportunity of imparting to his sister the particulars of Henry's birth. Mordaunt, a few years previous to his departure from England, had, in a moment of unguarded levity, formed an acquaintance

with a young female of striking person and pleasing address; her station in life was such as left her an easy prey to temptation; and Mordaunt, though not naturally unprincipled, suffered himself, in one instance, to act in a manner that the virtuous must condemn. It is possible, that, in despite of family interference, he would have married her whom he considered his victim, had not her subsequent imprudence convinced him that his honour would not be safe in her keeping; he resolved, however, that the child should not be exposed to want; and accordingly allowed a regular sum for its maintenance, and placed it under the care of a creditable couple, who had no children of their own, and brought the young Henry up with tenderness and secrecy. Mordaunt occasionally corresponded with old Ainslie, and had the satisfaction to hear of the boy's well doing, and that he was particularly noticed by Mrs. Montgomery. It was his intention, immediately on his return, to make the relationship that subsisted between them known to his sister; when the circumstances already related, gave a new turn to his ideas, and made him plan an agreeable surprise, in case he should find the young people sincerely and disinterestedly attached to each other. This having been satisfactorily proved, Henry was summoned to town, where they remained till the marriage ceremony was performed; after which, Henry was called upon by imperious duty; and a temporary separation took place. Peace, however, soon restored him to his delighted friends; and the young couple, thus happily re-united, were amply provided for by uncle John.

LAW AND LAWYERS.

HORNE TOOKE used to say, that law, in his opinion, ought not to be a luxury for the rich, but a remedy, to be easily, speedily, and cheaply, obtained by the poor. When told that the courts of justice, "were open to all," he replied, "and so is the London Tavern, to such as can pay for the entertainment."

ANNALS OF FEMALE FASHION;

IN WHICH

EVERY ANCIENT AND MODERN MODE

IS CAREFULLY TRACED FROM THE EARLIEST AGES TO THE
BEGINNING OF THE NINETEENTH CENTURY.*(Continued from page 143.)*

DURING this time, the stiff stays and the farthingale were worn in France; but neither were carried to the excess adopted by Elizabeth. The hair was dressed with much taste, in a profusion of natural curls. The gown, cut down very low round the bust, displayed the beauty of the neck and shoulders; it was moderately full, and had a long, but not extravagant train. Very high crowned hats, made of silk or velvet, adorned with plumes of feathers, were worn in the out-door costume, and mantles, of the same material as the hat, of a large size, and gorgeously adorned with embroidery.

Ribands, flowers, and jewels, which appear at that period to have been disposed with much taste, ornamented the hair in full dress.

Let us leave the French and English *belles*, and take a glance at the inhabitants of the new world, at these children of nature and simplicity, whom our European pride branded as savages; an unjust and cruel appellation, sufficiently refuted by the magnanimity with which they bore their sufferings. But it is not my province to descant upon the virtues of the unhappy Peruvians; I merely wish to place their simple and becoming style of dress in contrast with the tasteless and heavy finery of those, who, in the arrogance of their hearts, looked down upon them with contempt as beings, who, in the scale of nature, were considerably lower than themselves.

Though the inhabitants of a gold country, the daughters of Peru used this precious metal with moderation and taste; it adorned their heads, their arms, and necks, and glittered on the borders of their snowy tunics; but it never obtruded itself upon the eye in heavy, or grotesque ornaments. A short tunic, which came a little below the knee, composed in general of fine white cotton, formed the only covering of the lovely natives of this ardent region; it was made loose, but confined to the shape by a broad gold band; the bottom was sometimes adorned in a similar manner; at others, a fringe, composed of feathers, which was woven by the wearer according to her own taste. The arms were richly adorned with armlets and bracelets of gold. The front hair was simply thrown back from the forehead, and, mixing with the hind hair, floated in ringlets over the shoulders. A circlet of gold, enriched with gems, adorned the head; and a veil, of transparent texture and snowy whiteness, the border of which shone with a light, but splendid embroidery in gold, finished the simple, but elegant and becoming dress of the beautiful Peruvians.

The form of this garment was the same with all classes of the females of Peru; but the ornaments differed according to the wealth and rank of the wearer; those who belonged to the blood royal, and the most illustrious families of the state, were distinguished by the value of the gems that mingled with their golden ornaments. The priestesses of the sun also had, as the badge of their holy profession, a brilliant sun, composed of gold, emblazoned with diamonds. This sun, and a veil of thicker texture than ordinary, was all that distinguished their sacred order.

Before I return to the courts of England and France, it will, perhaps, be as well to present to my fair readers some account of the dresses of those nations who were not influenced by the modes of France.

I shall begin with the haughty country to which all the miseries of unhappy Peru were owing. The tenacious ad-

herence of the Spaniards to their own modes is well known; and certainly their style of dress, though formal, and rather heavy, is characterized by decency, and is not deficient in taste.

The gown was made in a manner well calculated to display the graces of the shape, which it fitted with the utmost exactness; it came up to the throat, and was buttoned down to the waist with gold, silver, or diamond buttons. The farthingale, at that time predominant among all the civilized classes of Europe, was, like the gown, composed of rich silk; it was very large; but, being in a pyramidical form, was not ungraceful. The trimming of the gown and petticoat corresponded; it was sometimes a superb embroidery; at others, it was composed of gold or silver stuffs, or else velvet or rich lace; but whatever was its material, it always terminated in deep points. The sleeve, made very long, and tight enough to display the symmetry of the arm, was slashed all the way to the wrist. When a lady appeared in grand costume, a piece of pointed gauze, or lace, which formed a kind of hanging sleeve, was suspended from the shoulder, and carelessly fastened at the wrist.

The hair was worn very flat; simply divided on the forehead, and bound tight round the head; it was ornamented either with jewels or flowers. Whenever a lady went abroad, her face was completely concealed by her veil. Sometimes a cloth mantle, of a square form, which descended only to the knee, was worn; at others, a large Spanish hat, loaded with plumes of feathers, and a long black cloak, which completely enveloped the whole person.

Such was the state of Spanish costume towards the end of the sixteenth century, and such, with little variation, it is at this present time. The farthingale, indeed, has long been exploded, but the other parts of the dress remain nearly the same.

The national costume of Russia is simple, and not unbecoming; it consists of a short petticoat and robe, which

in summer is composed of silk; in winter, of velvet, lined with fur. The head-dress is invariably a turban. A rosary, composed either of precious stones, gold or silver beads, or else common ones, according to the rank of the wearer, is thrown round the neck. I must not forget to observe, that the robe is made loose, the sleeves long, and the bosom partially exposed. Such has been for a long period the national costume of Russia; but I need scarcely observe, that it is now seldom adopted by the wealthy Russian *belle*.

The Swedish national dress is singularly pretty and becoming; it has long been chiefly confined to the lower classes; but, at the period of which I am speaking, it was the general garb of all the Swedish women, who were not of the highest rank; the only difference between the habiliments of the rich and the poor, was, that the former used elegant and expensive materials, the latter simple and common stuffs. A petticoat, made moderately full, and short enough to display the well-turned anole, and pretty little sandaled foot, so frequently to be found among the Swedish beauties, with a jacket, of a different coloured stuff, or silk, which displayed all the natural graces of the shape, for it was worn without stays, a slight bodice only being used by the Swedish ladies. This jacket was cut low round the bosom; the sleeves were short, and nearly tight to the arm. The hair was in general dressed in the antique style; that is to say, braided round the head, and adorned, according to the taste of the wearer, with jewels, flowers, or ribands.

The Hollanders, who were then, as they are at the present day, but little initiated in the arts of dress, and total strangers to that exquisite taste which often gives effect and grace to the simplest costume, wore petticoats of stuff, or silk, with jackets, the bodies of which were made tight to the shape, and finished at the waist with long flaps, something resembling those of a gentleman's old-fashioned waistcoat; the bodies of these jackets were made moderately high; the young Dutchwomen wore them with-

out handkerchiefs; the old, with muslin or cambric ones; they all had long sleeves, which were tight to the arm. Rich handkerchiefs were folded in the turban style round the heads of the mature; and a cap, of a simple form, decorated with ribands or flowers, formed the head-dress of the youthful beauty. The shoes, or sandals, were the colour of the jacket; and a hat, the crown of which was rather flat, but the brim of immense size, was always worn when they went abroad; it was put very far back upon the head, and loaded with ribands. The young very seldom wore any kind of cloak; but those more advanced had, in general, a short woollen mantle in the winter, and a silk one in summer.

Germany had, from the first, adopted the fashions of France. The northern part of Europe either wore the simple costume I have just described, or blended it with the French modes. The home dress of the Italian ladies differed but little from the French; but that difference was considerably in their favour; they adopted the farthingale, indeed, in its most preposterous size; but the gown worn with it was of a simple and becoming form; it was made the natural length of the waist, without any peak, either before or behind; the skirt was full, but not cumbrously so, and the train was just long enough to be graceful. The neck and bosom were moderately exposed. The sleeve descended a little way below the elbow; it was full, except just above the point of the elbow, where the fulness was confined either by a knot of riband, or a band of the same material as the dress, which was fastened with a gold, or diamond clasp.

(To be continued)

THE SPIRIT OF HISTORY;

OR,

Historical Essays

ON GREAT EVENTS RESULTING FROM MINUTE CAUSES.

(Continued from page 148.)

THE people were soon informed of what had taken place, and thronged to the forum, where, struck with the horrid spectacle, their groans and murmurs expressed their indignation against a tyrant, who, by his injustice, had reduced a father to the hard necessity of murdering his child. Appius, enraged, cried out to apprehend Virginus; but the unfortunate parent, with the knife he held in his hand, opened himself a passage, reached the gate of the city, and retired to the camp with his relatives and friends, who were unwilling to leave him in his distressful situation.

Numitorius and Icilius, while melting into tears, presented the corpse of Virginia to the people, whom they invited to avenge her death. The sad account was soon rumoured through the city; the people came running from all quarters; senators even mingled their tears with those of the people. Appius, who dreaded their credit and eloquence, sent them word to withdraw, and commanded the dead body of Virginia to be removed; but Valerius and Horatius, both senators of undaunted spirits, treated his orders with contempt; and, under an idea that a favourable opportunity had occurred to crush the power of the tyrant, and to abolish the Decemvirate, they formed a resolution not to let it escape, but to inflame the minds of the Roman people. Appius advanced with his lictors and his guards to arrest the two senators, and keep them in

custody ; but the people, encouraged by their firm attitude, broke the fasces of the lictors, repulsed the soldiery, and pursued Appius with such animosity, that, in order to avoid death, he was obliged to hide his face, and to seek shelter in a neighbouring house.

The two senators caused the body of Virginia to be placed on an uncovered litter, and carried through the principal streets, to excite the compassion of all the Romans. Men, women, and children, would leave their homes to view the funeral pomp ; some threw perfumes into the litter ; others strewed it with flowers ; all shed tears, and all pitied the fate of the beautiful maid. Their lamentations and their presents bore testimony of their feelings, and of their sincere desire to avenge her death. The corpse was deposited in her father's house, till such time as the ceremony of her funeral could be performed.

The unfortunate Virginius meanwhile had arrived at the camp, still holding in his hand the fatal knife with which he had immolated his daughter ; and the soldiers, hearing of his misfortune, had gathered around him. Virginius, seated in the midst of them, in an agony of grief, was unable to speak for awhile. At length, lifting up his hands to heaven, he said, " Immortal gods ! I take you to witness, that Appius is the sole author of the crime I have committed by murdering my daughter." Then, addressing the soldiers, he continued in these words— " I beg of you, my comrades, not to banish me from your society as a parricide, or an assassin ; I would have heartily sacrificed my own life to preserve the honour of my child ; for the tyrant wished to rob her of that treasure so precious ; and compassion has rendered me cruel ! The hope of avenging her death, by means of your assistance, has only prevented me following her to the grave."

The soldiers, moved to pity by this concise address, promised to second him in all his enterprises. The emotion increasing at every minute, they determined to abolish the Decemvirate, and to punish all the Decemvirs as accomplices of their iniquitous colleague ; and from that mo-

ment, considering their authority as illegal, they armed themselves, and, with flying colours, directed their course towards Rome. In vain did the Decemvirs attempt to stop them; they replied, that they were going to the relief of their fellow citizens, and to restore their country to liberty.

They entered Rome, and, on their march, assured their relatives and friends, that they were come only to overthrow tyranny. They proceeded through the city without breaking their ranks; reached Mount Aventine; and refused to separate before the Decemvirate was abolished. The Decemvirs were forced to abdicate; Consuls and Tribunes of the people were elected. Virginus, being appointed at the head of the latter, ordered Appius to be sent to prison, who, dreading the punishment due to his crimes, put an end to his own existence. The other Decemvirs were banished from Rome; and the Republic was restored to tranquillity.—Thus it was, that the Romans, by avenging the innocent blood of Virginia, recovered that liberty, which the death of Lucretia had procured them.

The jealousy of a women against her sister, is the occasion of plebeians being admitted to the Consulate.

The tribunes of the people, notwithstanding their intrigues and their cabals, had never been able to obtain plebeians being promoted to the consular dignity. In vain did they argue, that equality was the most solid foundation of a Republic, and that the expectation of being invested with dignity and glory was the only means of inspiring every citizen with emulation, and of raising Rome to grandeur; they always found the courage and resolution of the patricians to oppose an insurmountable barrier to their pretensions. A woman happened to be concerned in the conflict; and, owing to her tears, the party which she had espoused proved to be victorious. A remarkable instance of the influence which women possess over the minds of men: the fair sex are always certain of success, even when their efforts derive from their weakness.

Marcus Fabius Ambustus, a patrician, had two daughters; the eldest married Servius Sulpicius, a patrician also, and who at the time was consul; the younger sister married C. Licinius Stolon, a plebeian. This latter being gone one day to pay a visit to her sister, heard an extraordinary rap at the door, and which frightened her. The door was opened, when it appeared, that the noise proceeded from the lictors knocking with the staff of their fasces to announce the approach of the consul. The consul's wife said to her sister, with a sneer—"This noise does not alarm us senator's wives—we are used to it."

The plebeian's wife felt hurt at the malignity of the observation; she was mortified in the extreme; and so deep a melancholy ensued, that she could not conceal it from her father and her husband, who repeatedly asked her whence it proceeded, without being able to persuade her to return them an answer. She wished to have them witness her sorrow for a longer period, that they might feel the more for her, and be prepared, when she informed them of the real cause of her complaint, to administer the proper remedy.

At length, when she thought she had found an opportunity of imparting her secret, she told them, with tears in her eyes, and mock confusion, that her grief would kill her, if, being issued from the same blood as her sister, her husband was prevented from being promoted to the same dignities as her brother-in-law.

Both her father and husband, who loved her with the tenderest affection, engaged to spare no pains to place her house in the same state of magnificence and splendour as she had noticed in her brother-in-law's.

Fabius, sacrificing the interest of the senate to the affection he bore to his daughter, joined with his son-in-law to obtain the promotion of plebeians to the consulate. They were most powerfully seconded in their project by one Lucius Sextus, another plebeian, much esteemed by the people and the senate for his eloquence and merit.

The wife of Licinius, relying on the promises of her fa-

ther and husband, excited them daily to pursue their undertaking with renovated efforts, and demanded of them an account of their proceedings and progress. Thus did that artful woman prompt them to persevere in their design; and subsequent to disturbances and differences, which more than once were near producing a civil war in Rome, plebeians were admitted to the consulate. Licinius was appointed consul, a circumstance which procured to his wife the satisfaction of hearing a knock at her door with the staff of the fasces.

A state will ever be great, when the road to honours is open to all who are deserving of them.

A Roman citizen is promoted to the throne of the Cæsars, in consequence of his particular attention to his aged father.

Titus Antoninus, in addition to a prepossessing person, was endowed with so sweet a disposition, that he was beloved by all with whom he happened to converse. His relatives and acquaintances vied with each other in showing him the most sincere proofs of their attachment. Every one of them, without exception, had bequeathed him a legacy. Fortune, as it were, repentant of her former injustice, lavished upon this meritorious Roman wealth and glory: all admired his virtues and rejoiced at his happiness. Riches, which most generally render the hearts of men callous, only served to render more conspicuous the liberality of Titus Antoninus: he would hasten to assist those he knew to be distressed; ever shewed the same regard for his friends, the same attention and respect for his relatives.

Conscious of its being his duty to repay the care his father had taken of him during his childhood, never was that parent, who had now attained an advanced age, obliged to go abroad, but Titus Antoninus would attend him as a conductor and a support.

One day, as the Emperor Adrian had convoked the senate, Titus Antoninus conducted thither his aged parent, whom he supported under his arms. The Emperor, struck

with admiration, instantly determined to adopt him, in order that he might spend the remainder of his life in the company of a man who manifested so great a respect for a parent, and whose lenient disposition presaged to the Roman people a peaceable and happy reign.

Adrian was not disappointed in his expectations: sooner had he conferred on Titus Antoninus the title of son to the Emperor, than he saw that virtuous man entirely occupied in relieving him from his labours, and anticipating all his wishes. Adrian, amidst the excruciating tortures a deadly disease occasioned him, found no consolation but in the zeal and eagerness of his adoptive son to procure him relief, and in those conversations which he introduced with a view of making him forgetful of his sufferings.

Subsequent to the death of Adrian, Titus ascended the throne, to the great happiness of the people. He remitted the sums due to the Emperor's treasury; abolished several taxes that were too burthensome; ascertained the conduct of such whose office it was to administer justice among his subjects; rewarded men of letters, and artists; afforded relief to the indigent; maintained strict discipline among the troops; caused his virtues to be admired by foreign nations; lived upon terms of amity and friendship with all the sovereigns of his day, who often appointed him arbitrator of their differences, and always abided by his decision. Under the reign of that great man, the Roman empire flourished; the whole world was at peace, and its inhabitants enjoyed a happiness hitherto unknown to them.

(To be continued.)

LOUIS XI. KING OF FRANCE.

"THE greatest care of a sovereign," says he, "is to free his subjects from all oppressors, and to take particular care of the widow and of the orphan."

ALFRED; AN HISTORICAL TALE.

(Continued from page 152.)

ALFRED had just taken some repose, when the sun had no sooner began to shine, than Oswald, preceded by the sacred banner, presented himself to him. This was the same warrior, who, to watch the interests of his master, had been shut up in the walls of Cyndith. At the arrival of the Danes, he marched against them, and obtained a victory. Half the intrepid inhabitants of the fortress, and a number of Saxons, who had run to their banner, surrounded him in crowds. The earl had no sooner informed the monarch, in few words, the event of their enterprises, than the governor of the town knelt down, and began to excuse himself. Alfred raised him, and clasping him in his arms, said—I understand every thing; victory has said all that is necessary. Ah! if I were to pardon you, how should I pardon the guilty.

All the soldiers came immediately to admire the marvellous standard, that they had so often seen in battle. The daughters of the famous Lodbrog had woven it in a single day by the aid of infernal spirits. It represented the bird of the impostor Odin, and, if we may believe our ancestors, the Danes were sure to conquer when they saw this bird stir, and flap its wings; but, on the contrary, if they saw it hang without life or motion, it was an infallible prognostic of the triumph of their enemies.

At this time, you might have seen the subjects of this noble prince run from all parts to enlist under his banners. The husbandman forgets his plough, the shepherd his flocks; the husband deserts his wife, and tender offspring, who call him back; he whose too tender age scarcely ena-

bles him to chase the tenants of the wood, escapes from the embraces of his weeping mother. The astonished traveller finds nothing but solitude and sadness in the fields. The camp of Alfred contains England. In this manner, subjects, whether they return to the path of duty, or to recede from it, often determine the fate of the day, while striving to outdo it.

So prompt a change had greatly alarmed the Danes. They were still numerous and powerful; but the imprudent man, who has once thought himself secure in the gifts of fortune, on the first reverse, thinks he has lost all. Alsaithe availed herself of these troublesome times to solicit Gozen to be baptized, assured, that if once secured from the influence of his ambitious priests, he will soon conclude a peace with Alfred, upon terms which will be mutually advantageous. Her advice was not without its effect on the heart she had touched; but the grand priest of Odin, the artful Osbern, soon revived the prince's haughtiness, and soon subdued his weakness, by conveying to his ear the seditious murmurs that were raised in the army. He wished to remove Alsaithe; and to ensure success, he even made use of generous means. He had more than once tried to determine his master to break the chains of a princess, who evinced equal insensibility to his love, and constancy in her affection for another. Tired of so many artifices, he resolved to make one last effort against the Christians. The council was assembled in a hall in the ancient castle of Clifford. The officers, gloomy as the rocks of Balva, when the tempest chances to darken their fronts, had just exposed the evils that the army were suffering, and the greater evils that they had to dread. A sullen silence succeeded their complaints. Suddenly, as if impelled by divine inspiration, the grand priest rises.—It is but too true, he exclaims; but the whole truth has not been exhibited. Who will tear off the veil? Who will speak before a king? He whose love is stronger than fear, the minister of the gods. Prince, dost thou know that a threat is on the lips of thy soldiers? Dost thou

know, that they dare to accuse thee of our misfortunes? They say the foreigner always occupies thy thoughts; and, being a Christian, by her advice outwardly, or her influence over thy mind, she turns aside every stroke that is ready to fall upon the Christians. They speak truth. Yes, lord, since thou hast been enslaved by a foolish love, thy arm, lately invincible, has but feebly opposed the enemy. Triumph over a love returned with indifference: break the chains of the ungrateful Alsaithe. Or if it affects thee too much to see her in the arms of a rival, do more; fill the souls of the revolted with an eternal dread, by immolating this beauty to the gods with thy own hands, who every day offends them with her contempt. —He spoke. The prince, concealing his anger by an imposing and dignified air, answers, I forgive the senseless zeal of a priest; if any other person had dared to demand the life of the princess, he should have forfeited his own for so much boldness and cruelty. If the Danes have named me their chief, it is to give them laws, and not to receive them. It is not of me, it is of our soldiers, it is of the gods themselves, that you must ask why our enemies have been conquerors. What were my duties, and what are my faults? My arm, thou sayst, has relaxed. Was I not the first to enter the field when a treacherous enemy came to surprise us? Was I not the last in the fight when my soldiers sought their safety in flight? Priests, or soldiers, let those follow me in the day of battle who complain of their chief, and let them revenge their glory and mine!

Osbern did not expect to gain such a victim; but in alarming Gozon for his dearest interests, he wished at least to incite him unrelentingly to pursue the Christians. —Since thou canst not consent to this great sacrifice, resumed the pontiff, there is another, which will not draw forth thy tears, and may, at one blow, terminate our woes. Attend: thou knowest the ardour of the Christians to propagate the worship of their God. Let us turn this ambitious phrenzy against them; make an offer to their

prince to receive the baptism; and to restore his confidence, so often deceived, order thy soldiers to surrender their arms to him. They will in the mean time preserve a poniard; and when, assembled with us in the temple, the Christians are preparing to bind our faith, I will give the signal, and our enemies shall be exterminated.—What dost thou say? I—I betray—— I know thy haughty spirit is very indignant at every kind of artifice, and despises a victory that has no danger. But hast thou not once subdued this enemy who is now perhaps about to overwhelm thee? Seconded no doubt by supernatural art, has he not entered thy camp, taken place at thy banquet, assisted at thy counsels, braved and delighted thee by turns? has he not been sometimes without a home, and sometimes followed by an army; to-day, victorious; to-morrow, a fugitive; and at all times formidable? What dost thou expect? that one lucky battle will repair the fortune of thy arms? Well! that victory will produce an eternal vicissitude of successes and reverses in a country where thou canst reign alone. Whilst Alsaithe preserves the hope of meeting with her Alfred again, she will never receive the name of wife from thee. Thou wilt lose the opportunity: be now a conqueror, and the rest of thy days thou mayst be generous.

The officers, without respect to their prince, or waiting for his answer, applauded this speech, and rent the air with their shouts. Enervated by the sweets of peace and plenty, and, like common soldiers, satisfied with their first exploits, they looked upon war as a painful trade. Glory had no charms for them. Gozon, dazzled by the address of the grand priest, was hurried away by the shameful impetuosity of his officers. In becoming the accomplice of the most cowardly treachery, the prince meditated the most ample amends in his after conduct, and the hope of his uncertain virtues already combated his remorse.

Alfred calculated upon very different resources to obtain the victory. He had divided his soldiers into several companies, and accustomed them to know the word of

command. They wanted arms; and cut down long branches of ash and maple trees in an adjoining forest. A piece of iron, broken from the instruments which open the bosom of the earth, sharpened in haste, adds weight to the end of the lance. Scarcely stripped of its leaves, the branch is soon converted into a javelin, the terror of shields; and sometimes into an arrow, the messenger of death. The courser, who bounded in vast meadows, and the horse, who, rivalling the heavy ox, traced a painful furrow, start under the unaccustomed weight of arms.

The sun was descended in the western mountains. The trumpet is sounded, and the herald, running to different parts of the camp, transmits an order that the Saxons should hold themselves in readiness for battle. Alfred shewed himself every where, and the sight of this young warrior, escaped as by a miracle from such vast dangers, produced sensations of hope and joy in the hearts of his soldiers. As he was returning to his colours, a Danish warrior presents himself at the gates of the camp; Hasting had been employed on this embassy, for no one seemed more competent to fill such an office. Alfred, irritated by long suffering, and the captivity of Alsaithe, had determined to resist every offer of peace. Nevertheless he listens to the stranger, and, while attending to him, traces diverse figures with his javelin in the sand; but when, as the messenger of an entire army, Hasting offered to submit to the law of Christ, the king's anger was subdued by a consideration of such high importance.—In the name of the Lord, I accept the promise that you bring me, answers he; he himself will watch over its accomplishment. His voice calms the tempest, and keeps the sword of war. Your hearts have not heard him in vain. I also submit to it; to-morrow you may send hostages. Look upon me as your ally; and let my standards protect you till the return of day.

(To be continued.)

THE DUPE OF SENSIBILITY;

A TALE, FOUNDED ON FACTS.

(Continued from page 157.)

"He is a weel informed man, that," said Sarcasm; "he is one o' those Englishmen that commands respect in whatever nation or society he may be among. I wish I could say the same of you, Snarl." "All is not gold that glitters," observed Snarl, with a significant leer; "if I'm an honest man, he is a hypocrite." "That is well said," exclaimed one of the party. "So it is," echoed Sarcasm. "A hypocrite! why did na' you tell him so to his face? Were you afraid to confront him, lest he should reflect in his countenance the visage of yoursel'—eh?" "I have seen and heard enough, Mr. Scotchman," replied Snarl, "to convince myself, at least, of the truth of my assertion. There is not a baser or a greater hypocrite than the wretch who takes advantage of his benefactor's absence, to ruin the reputation of his wife!" "How!" exclaimed Wormwood. "God's mercy!" said Sarcasm, "what the devil is the fellow driving at?" "Snarl!" vociferated a man at the other end of the room, who, unperceived, had just come in, "he is the baser wretch, who unsuccessfully attempts her virtue, and, without proof, imputes to others what he could not accomplish himself! Gentlemen," addressing himself to the company, "I knew a miscreant who endeavoured to take advantage of a helpless female—this arm felled him to the ground; and had it not been from the fear and delicacy of the lady, he would not now be enjoying the confidence of the husband, and making him the unconscious tool of his revenge." Snarl, thunderstruck at this address, endeavoured to recognize the features of the stranger; as soon as his eye had iden-

tified him, the blood rushed into his meagre face, and his quivering lip betrayed the consciousness of guilt and confusion. He, however, summoned sufficient assurance to lay his hand on his heart, and solemnly declare, that "None could accuse him of a crime, at which his soul revolted." These words were pronounced in a trembling and evasive tone, that sufficiently marked the inconsistency of guilt; bold, when confident; timorous, when suspicious. He arose from his seat, and pulling out his watch, observed, it was later than he supposed. "Come," said he, "we will walk, Wormwood; you are generally well armed; and I will inform you on our way home the little I have to say." The eye of the stranger flashed with rage; and likewise rising, he advanced in a threatening manner towards Snarl; but, as if a sudden thought had arrested his progress, he suffered them to depart. No sooner were they gone, than, bidding the astonished company good night, he followed, and soon overtook them.

The road on one side was bounded by a wood, and being of a circular form, a nearer way to Wormwood's residence lay through a part of it. This path they chose; and, protected by the darkness of the night, he was enabled to hear a considerable part of their conversation. "I have long," said Snarl, "been a secret observer of that meally-mouthed philosopher; and though the circumstances which I have related do not amount to proofs of Mrs. Wormwood's infidelity, yet they are such as create in the mind unpleasant sensations; and I should be a traitor to my oldest and worthiest friend, were I any longer to conceal my fears for his honour, or not to advise him to adopt immediate measures to remove, or confirm, suspicious circumstances." Wormwood, though a tyrant, was sensible of the numberless good qualities of his wife; nay, he frequently stood in awe of her, which he evinced by endeavouring to conceal many transactions that he thought would excite her displeasure. This respect to her opinion he considered a great proof of his love; and, indeed, to give him his due, he preferred her to every other woman

on earth. Though jealous, it was more with a view to secure her affections, than a belief that she would deceive him, which urged him frequently to accuse her, accompanied with oaths, of preferring the smile of another to his. Strange idea! However, it was with the greatest astonishment and sorrow, he listened to Snarl's representation. At last he exclaimed, "I know not what to think! When I review the whole of her conduct, seemingly to me the most kind and affectionate, I am almost inclined to curse the man who dare be so bold as to breathe a word that detracts from her merit, or would lessen her in my esteem;—yet twenty years uninterrupted friendship gives weight to your statement, and bewilders and perplexes me. Oh! d—n her! if I prove her guilty, an awful vengeance awaits her!" "Be more temperate; pursue the same line of conduct you have hitherto done; and your vigilance may detect what imprudence would baffle." "I will, I will," he muttered to himself; "he must not leave me so soon. Oh! I will have vengeance on the destroyer of my happiness!" "Come, come," said Snarl, somewhat terrified at his words and manner, "remember, it is God-like to forgive an injury, though you can never forget it. The injury must be proved, to justify resentment; or occasion acts that cooler reason would shudder at."

"Thou moralizing demon!" exclaimed Wormwood, "leave me! If she is innocent, my crimes be on thy head!" Then, quickening his pace, he left Snarl overcome with fear and astonishment, to reflect on the rashness and depravity of his conduct.

The stranger passed by Snarl, and endeavoured to overtake Wormwood, to prevent further mischief. When he reached the house, all appeared quiet; and the morning being far advanced, he checked his impatience to disclose what he knew of Snarl till the evening of the next day. In the mean time, Snarl recovered, and finding himself a dreary wood, presumed to invoke that Being for safety, whom, when surrounded by his companions, he had often dared to arraign; he who had scoffed at the holy ordi-

nances of religion, and laughed at the bugbear death, now trembled at the rustling of a leaf and the echo of his own voice.

This evening was the first, since the arrival of De Wilde, that Mary had been left a prey to her own reflections. The hours dragged heavily along; and by eleven, her wearied, restless mind, being completely exhausted, yielded to the influence of sleep. Fancy now assumed her sway, and led her captive with her busy train through fairy fields: she imagined, she was wandering on a wild, romantic shore; not even a habitable cot was to be seen; and the road seemed long and endless. The silence of the night, only disturbed by the roar of the winds, and the dashing of the waves, added to the solemnity of the scene. High on a cliff, which overhung the path, stood the ruin of an abbey. Its mouldering walls, trembling at the blast, seemed to threaten with certain destruction the adventurous passenger below. Fearfully she gazed on the venerable pile, but had not the resolution to pass. As her eye wandered over the craggy steep, looking for a safer passage, a voice behind her peremptorily exclaimed, "Go on! the night is far advanced; the nearest cottage is mine; and there you may repose securely till the morning. The person seemed De Wilde; and joyfully she accepted the offer. Hand-in-hand, they travelled on till they arrived at his cot. His wife met them; and in her arms she fondled a lovely babe. Her dress was white. The fire seemed to blaze, to heighten, if possible, the comforts of domestic life, and give Mary an idea of what she never had enjoyed. On entering the room, he informed her of his visitor's situation; her fine blue eyes darted towards him a look of displeasure, which pierced him to the soul. He approached her with mingled sensations of grief and joy; her heart now seemed to shew its change of feature; the lineaments of her face expressed a melancholy pity, seeming to say, In wounding you, I have hurt myself. He rushed into her arms, pressed her to his bosom, and inhaled new life from her balmy breath. En-

raptured, Mary screamed with joy! She awoke, but—all was gloom!—The dream,—the almost-extinguished candle glaring in the socket,—the dying embers of the fire,—excited in her mind a terror and a melancholy that nearly overpowered her. “What!” she exclaimed, “is it a dream? Shall such a scene have no existence, but in the heated imagination? Shall he never, never kiss those lips so often pressed to his? Never gaze on that face and form, once so fondly thought his own?” The recollection of her first love flashed upon her mind. “Let me not wander,” she cried, in the bitterness of her anguish; “death is preferable to an existence like mine.” At this moment, a knocking at the door recalled her wandering thoughts; she flew like lightning to the latch; and on opening it, found De Wilde alone. “Ah! am I glad, very glad you are returned,” she said, with the greatest emotion; “but where is my husband?” here she faltered, and burst into tears. “I could not prevail on him to accompany me home; but he promised not to remain long behind. Shall I return, and state to him your uneasiness at his absence?” “No, no,” she replied, “do not leave me; every thing alarms me; every soul has retired to rest; and the strangeness of a dream, from which I have just awaked, has occasioned a horror I am at present unable to conquer.”

(To be continued.)

LORD WELLINGTON.

At a presentation of the Staff of the English army, (consisting of 300 generals, &c. with Lord W. at their head) to Louis XVIII. at the Thuilleries, he addressed Lord W. in English, as follows—“My Lord Duke, I owe you my personal acknowledgements for your humanity, and the good conduct of your troops towards my subjects. I am very happy to pay you this testimony, in the presence of your assembled staff”

THE
ADVENTURES OF A SOVEREIGN.

(Continued from page 161.)

THE person whom she now assailed, was a woman in the middle of life; her person was still lovely, though it was evident that sorrow had joined with time to rob her charms of their lustre. The dignity of her air seemed for a moment to abash my mistress; but she speedily recovered her vulgar confidence, and rudely enquired when she was to be paid.

"I hope, to-day," replied the lady; "I expect my daughter very soon with some money, and I——" At that moment, the young lady entered. "Well! my dear Julia," cried her mother, "have you seen Mrs. Fletcher?" She answered in the negative, in a dejected tone; and the countenance of her mother fell. "Well! then," said she, after a short pause, "I must beseech your patience for a few days longer."

"No, mamma," cried Julia, hastily interrupting a reply which my mistress was just beginning, and which from the appearance of her countenance did not promise to be of the most patient nature; "we need not trouble Mrs. Teasewell; I have got the money elsewhere." And taking a five-pound note from her pocket, she presented it to my mistress, who looking significantly at her first, and then at the note, observed, that was quite a new one, and not endorsed; and she hoped it was good; but forgeries were now very common.

The pale cheek of Mrs. Marlow (the mother of Julia) crimsoned at this insolent speech. She desired her daughter to write her name upon the note; and then handed it to my mistress with a look that awed her into silence.

She gave me and some silver to Mrs. Marlow ; and then quitted the room.

" My dear child," cried my new possessor, as soon as my late mistress had quitted the room, " I need not ask you how you got this money—your locket——"

" It was our last resource, mamma ; but I have preserved the hair. Alas ! it is the only memorial we now have of my poor father."

At that moment the door suddenly opened, and an elegant young man entered. " Have I found you at last, my dear, my revered friend," cried he, advancing to Mrs. Marlow, " spite of the barbarous caution you used to conceal yourself from me ? but think not you shall again fly me. No ; I will not be sacrificed to a vain punctilio ; my uncle is inexorable ; let him continue so ; I have more than enough for love and happiness ; and you cannot, nay, you must not, longer refuse to bestow upon me the hand of my Julia."

" Accept it at your peril, ungracious boy !" cried an old gentleman, who had unobserved followed the other into the room ; " the moment that you do so, you will become an alien to my blood ; and may every curse——"

" Oh ! hold, sir !" cried Julia, darting forward, and clasping her lovely hands in an attitude of supplication ; " never, never will I bring down your malediction upon your nephew, I have renounced long since the hope of being his ; do not curse him, and I will promise, will swear to you, never to become his wife."

" Well ! then, you are an honest girl, and not the artful minx I took you for," cried the old gentleman ; but I ought to beg pardon for——"

A deep sigh at that moment escaped Mrs. Marlow, and she fell back lifeless in her chair. The young man and her daughter flew to support her ; and the old gentleman, who seemed much shocked, advanced to assist them ; but no sooner had he cast his eyes upon her, than he started back, exclaiming, " Gracious heaven ! is it possible ? can it be my Harriet, my daughter ?" His voice appeared to

recall her fleeting spirits, and by a sudden effort, she threw herself at his feet. "Oh! yes, my father," cried she, "it is your Harriet, your wretched, repentant daughter! Oh! my father! suffer the years of misery I have endured, to expiate my guilt, and let me not descend into the grave without your pardon." "My uncle, my dear uncle!" cried the young man, "suffer the conduct of your daughter to me to prove her penitence; remember, that though absolutely ignorant of our relationship, and oppressed with poverty, she resolutely refused me the hand of her daughter, because she would not draw on me your displeasure."

The old gentleman remained a few moments silent; his eyes were fixed on Mrs. Marlow; nature struggled with resentment; but his daughter's tears, which fell fast upon one of his hands, that she had clasped in both hers, prevailed; he raised and embraced her. For some time emotion kept both Mrs. Marlow and her father silent; the latter was the first to recover. "Well!" said he, "I little thought, when I was anathematising the artful baggage, who had stolen Arthur's heart, that it was my own grand-daughter; in fact, I did not then know that I had a grand-daughter; but tell me, Harriet, to what chance is it owing, that I find you under another name, and in such circumstances?"

As the narrative of Mrs. Marlow was somewhat prolix, I will take up her story from the beginning. Her father, Mr. Hargrave, was a merchant in good circumstances; she was his only child, and her extraordinary beauty led him to hope that she would marry brilliantly. This hope was destroyed by her forming a clandestine union with the cadet of a noble family, who had no other fortune than his lieutenant's commission: the friends on both sides were inexorable; but bad health obliging the lieutenant to sell out, he became reduced to great distress, and his family then allowed him a paltry stipend, in the consideration that he should retire to Wales, and change his name; meantime, the sister of Mr. Hargrave, who had been educated abroad, married a gentleman of the name of Lilly; and shortly afterwards, both herself and husband died, leaving their only child to the

care of her brother. It chanced that this young man passed a few months in Wales, where he saw, and loved his beautiful cousin, without being conscious of her relationship; he knew his uncle's temper too well, to hope that he would allow him to marry a portionless girl; and he wilfully misled Mrs. Marlow, who was a widow at the time of his knowing her, into a belief, that his uncle's name was the same as his own; she was ignorant that her aunt, to whom she was personally a stranger, had married a Mr. Lilly; and consequently she never suspected their relationship.

All the young man's attempts to induce her to bestow her daughter's hand upon him, without the consent of his uncle, were in vain. The family of her husband withdrew the allowance they had made; and she in consequence repaired to London with her daughter, in the hope of prevailing on them to do something for her child; she found on her arrival in town, that her father had quitted London many years, and purchased an estate in a distant part of the country; her husband's friends refused to assist her, and she was sinking in despair, when Lilly, who was walking with his uncle, met and recognized Julia.

An acclamation which escaped him, as she hastily passed him, gave the old gentleman a clue to his secret; he suffered Arthur to leave him directly, but he took care to follow him to the lodgings of Julia; of whom Arthur did not lose sight, till she arrived at home.

While Mrs. Marlow related her sufferings to her father, she was seated on one side of him, and Julia on the other; the fond mother's heart overpowered, as she spoke of the comfort she had derived from her daughter's filial piety; and as Julia contemplated the now happy countenance of her mother, her bright eyes filled with tears of pleasure, and she unconsciously pressed her grandfather's hand in which her's rested.

(To be continued.)

EPITOME OF PUBLIC AFFAIRS

FOR SEPTEMBER, 1819.

THE ferment in the public mind, occasioned by the conduct of the Manchester yeomanry and magistrates, has not yet subsided; accounts, unfortunately too well authenticated, have been published since our last number, which prove that the people were attacked without any provocation whatsoever having been given on their part, and that they were actually sabred without mercy. When this was proved by the testimony of credible and impartial witnesses, the great mass of the people, burning with indignation at such an outrage, naturally expected that an immediate inquiry would have been instituted into the particulars of those sanguinary proceedings, in order that the perpetrators of them might be brought to condign punishment. Bills were preferred against five persons, but they were thrown out by the Lancashire grand jury; recourse was then had to the throne; but here, unfortunately, ministers were before-hand with the people, for it is sufficiently obvious, from the reply of the Regent, that his Royal Highness's ear had been poisoned. Ministers are trifling on the verge of a precipice; but it would be well if they considered deeply; considered what may be the consequence of supporting men who have clearly violated the laws of the country. If they respect the safety of the throne, the preservation of peace and social order, they will not persist in refusing to satisfy the minds of the people by a full and clear investigation of this dreadful business. It is not sufficient for us to be told that there is no occasion for inquiry; that the magistrates were perfectly justified by the circumstances in which they were placed; we demand to have this proved; and, if it is true, they will not shrink from proving it; they will rather rejoice in an opportunity of wiping off the foul and indelible stain

which will otherwise eternally attach itself to them, of shedding innocent blood.

September 4th. Lancashire Assizes; Hunt, Moorhouse, Johnson, Knight, Jones, Healy, Swift, Saxton, Bamford, and Wilde, against whom true bills for conspiracy had been found, have all traversed till next assizes. Bills of indictment, on Lord Ellenborough's Act, for cutting and maiming, were preferred against four of the Manchester yeomanry; they were delivered in to the grand jury by Messrs. Pearson and Harmer; but, to the astonishment of the public, they were thrown out, as was also a bill preferred against one of the yeomanry by Mr. Gilmore, a respectable tradesman of Manchester. Mr. G. had not been at the meeting; he was walking a few paces from his own door, when he was assaulted, and he received a severe sabre wound in his head.

Sept. 8th, a coroner's inquest being about to be held on the body of John Lees, one of the victims of the Manchester meeting, Messrs. Harmer and Denison, solicitors, attended at Oldham, to take notes of the proceedings in the business; Mr. Farren, the coroner, being absent, his clerk, Mr. Batty, attended to hold the inquest; for reasons, however, which he has not thought proper to assign, he adjourned it for two days, notwithstanding the pressing solicitations of Mr. Harmer, who declared he had abundant proof that the deceased met his fate by violence. On the 10th, a coroner of the name of Milne attended, but he refused to take the inquest in the absence of Mr. Farren, and advised Batty to adjourn for a fortnight; which has accordingly been done. We would ask this conscientious personage, Mr. Batty, whether he would have lost a single moment in proceeding with the inquest, if the unfortunate deceased was a yeoman, who had suffered from the fury of the mob?

Sept. 13th. This being the day fixed for the triumphal entry of Mr. Hunt into London, every precaution was taken by the magistrates, to prevent any disturbance in the city. The concourse of spectators was immense, but the greatest order prevailed. He reached Highgate at half

past two; and was received with enthusiasm. He himself came in a barouche and six, followed by Moorhouse, Carlisle, and others of his friends. The populace attended him to the Crown and Anchor tavern, where he addressed them at some length; thanked them for the honour they had done him; and begged them to disperse quietly, which they did in a few minutes. The dinner at the Crown and Anchor, was very numerously attended; before the party broke up, Mr. Hunt addressed the assembly; his speech contained a dreadful picture of the Manchester transactions; but our limits will not suffer us to enter into it. He was much applauded.

On the 17th, the Lord Mayor, Mr. Alderman Waithman, the Sheriffs, City Officers, and a part of the Common Council, presented an address and petition to His Royal Highness the Regent; in which they stated their abhorrence of the wanton and cruel attack made by the Manchester yeomanry cavalry on unarmed and peaceable citizens, who were legally assembled: and humbly prayed his Royal Highness, to institute a judicial enquiry into the outrages that have been committed, and to bring the guilty perpetrators to condign punishment. His Royal Highness, in reply, expressed his disapprobation of the address and petition; and observed, that if the laws were violated, the tribunals of the country were open to afford redress, but that no extra judicial enquiry could take place under the present circumstances.

Serious disturbances have broken out at Paisley and Glasgow; a reform meeting was held on the 11th, at Micklethill's Moor; the magistrates, being apprized of it, had previously declared, that they would not allow of any flags being carried at it; this prohibition was disregarded by the mob; eight flags were borne of the usual description, and edged with black on account of the Manchester business. No attempt was made to interrupt their proceedings; the usual resolutions were voted, some speeches made, and the meeting broke up quietly; but as the Glasgow division were returning home, the provost and constables seized their co-

lours; this enraged the mob, but they remained quiet till dusk, when they attacked the Court-house, Police-office, and Council-chamber. The riot-act was read, and the military called in; the people cheered them on their arrival, and directly dispersed. The following day, Sunday, the mob re-assembled; and during that and the next day, much mischief was done; several buildings were injured, and gentlemen were assailed with stones in the streets. The conduct of the military merits the highest praise; there is no instance of any persons being killed, or even wounded; the only hurts received by the mob, are from the batons of the constables. This disturbance at Paisley has been followed by a similar one at Glasgow; tranquillity was however restored in both places by the 16th; and we have not since heard of any fresh tumult. When the character and habits of the Scotch are considered, it is impossible to contemplate what has passed without the most serious alarm. The higher orders have shewn much sympathy for the distress of the poor weavers, and liberal subscriptions have been entered into for their relief. A meeting was held at Leeds, on the 20th of Sept.; the usual reform resolutions were passed; an address to the Regent, praying his Royal Highness to examine into the Manchester business, was also agreed upon, and the people then dispersed in the most peaceable manner.

It is said the revenue has fallen off in the current quarter upwards of £800,000. So much for the new taxes. It is confidently reported, that five counties are about to petition the Regent for an inquiry into the Manchester business.

Accounts from Germany have reached us early in Sept. by which we learn that riots had broken out in different parts of that country; in which numbers of Jews have been inhumanly massacred.

Accounts from Chili state, that Lord Cochrane, after having taken several ships, has been compelled to abandon his blockade of Callao, in order to obtain water and provision. During the month of April, one of the sea-ports of Chili was thrice visited by the earthquake; the inhabitants saved their lives, but all their property is destroyed.

THE DRAMA.

ENGLISH OPERA HOUSE.

A GENTLEMAN made his first appearance at this theatre on the 13th September, in the character of Don Carlos, in the opera of *The Duenna*; his voice is not of great compass, but it is remarkably sweet, particularly in its lower tones; his figure is very good, and he has a gentlemanly ease of manner which we seldom see in a performer unused to the boards. Miss Carew was the Clara; she played with considerable spirit, and her songs were much applauded.

THE HAYMARKET THEATRE

CLOSED on Monday, September 13, From the farewell address, which was spoken by Mr. Terry, we learn, that the proprietors intend, either next season, or the ensuing one, to receive the public in a more commodious theatre; but they pledge themselves that the comfort of the audience shall still be attended to, and that it shall remain the *little theatre* in the Haymarket. There were, as usual, a few smart hits at the two great houses. The address was much applauded.

COVENT-GARDEN THEATRE

OPENED on Monday, Sept. 6th, with *Macbeth*. C. Kemble was the hero; it is hardly fair to speak of his performance, because the character is not suited to his powers; he was, however, upon the whole, respectable; and in two scenes, those with the daggers, and the banquet, he left us nothing to wish. Mrs. Burn was the Lady Macbeth; she has improved considerably since she first appeared as Miss

Somerville; but she has not yet lost that monotony of tone, always offensive to the ear, and peculiarly so in the higher cast of tragedy. On the following Thursday, Mr. Philips appeared as Count Belino, in the opera of *The Devil's Bridge*: he is improved both in voice and science since he performed at Drury-lane theatre; he was very well received.

19th, the comedy of *The Provoked Husband*. Our old favourite, Mrs. Davison, played Lady Townly in her best style. The other characters were well supported, particularly Emery's John Moody, and Mrs. Gibbs's Miss Jenny. The after-piece was *The Barber of Seville*, in which Miss M. Tree, from Bath, made her *debut* at this theatre. She promises to become one of the first singers of the age; her voice is sound, and of great compass, and its lower tones are peculiarly sweet; she has considerable science; her taste is at once elegant and pure, and she appears likely to become an accomplished actress, as well as singer.—She has since appeared in *Patty*, in *The Maid of the Mill*; and Lucy Bertram, in *Guy Mannering*; she played both, but particularly the last character, with a modest propriety, a natural and touching simplicity of manners, which powerfully interested the audience. She was very much applauded.

On the 15th, a comedy called *The Steward, or, Fashion and Feeling*, was brought out at this theatre; it is an alteration from Holcroft's comedy of *The Deserted Daughter*; a piece which, in its original state, met with deserved reprobation. Holcroft could not paint the manners of genteel life; hence his high characters are always out of nature; and, in addition to this, the hero of the present piece, Mordent, is altogether a compound of such villanous qualities, that, instead of interest, he excites our contempt and disgust. The alterations from the original piece have been slight, but judicious. The play, in its present form, is less offensive to good taste and good morals than its model; but it is still such a one as we are sorry to see favourably received on a British stage.





Fashionable Morning & Evening Dresses for October
Invented by Miss Pierpoint, Henrietta Street, Covent Garden.
Ad. Oct. 2, 1862 by Dean & Munday, Threadneedle Street.

THE
MIRROR OF FASHION

FOR OCTOBER, 1819.

MORNING DRESS.

A ROUND dress, composed of mull muslin. The body is high; the back full; and the front adorned with work, let in on each side of the bust. The skirt is gored, and finished at the bottom with several small tucks, which are terminated by a flounce of rich scalloped work, set on full. The spenser worn with this dress is composed of ethereal blue *gros de Naples*; it is tight to the shape; and the waist is of a moderate length; a small pelerine collar falls over; and is very full trimmed with plaitings of net. The long sleeve is of an easy fulness, and is tastefully finished with an epaulette, composed of two rows of shells, of the same material; they are formed by satin *rouleaux*. Full lace ruff. Head-dress, the Clarence bonnet; we refer to our print for the shape; it is composed of white *gros de Naples*; the edge of the brim is finished by a full fall of lace, surmounted by a plaiting of net; a full plume of ostrich feathers falls over to the right side. Blue kid shoes; white gloves; and small French ridicule.

EVENING DRESS.

A WHITE lace round dress over a white satin slip. The body is cut very low all round the bust, which is ornamented, in the pelerine style, with falls of lace; the sleeves are composed of net and satin, formed into puffs by small bows of white satin; the lower part is finished by a quilling of net. The skirt is trimmed with three flounces of white satin lace; the two lower ones are surmounted by a very novel and elegant trimming, composed of white

satin. The hair is disposed in light curls on each side of the face; the hind hair is dressed in full bows, which are intermixed with roses and convolvuluses. Necklace and ear-rings, pearl. White kid gloves; and white figured-silk shoes.

The light costume of summer is gradually disappearing; we no longer see dresses for the promenade composed wholly of muslin; it is worn, indeed, for gowns; but the spenser, or the scarf, is an indispensable appendage to them. Stout silk dresses are in considerable estimation. They are mostly worn with a spenser of the same material, or else of satin, to correspond in colour. Pelisses are also in much request; they are composed of levantine, *gros de Naples*, and queen's silk; but the most fashionable are of *gros de Naples*.

Transparent bonnets are now entirely laid aside; the materials for bonnets, however, still continue of a light description; *gros de Naples* is the most fashionable; next to it Leghorn; and last, white satin, which, however, is very little worn. We have seen but one autumnal bonnet that merits a particular description, and that we may venture to recommend for its elegance. The crown is an oval shape; it is low; and is composed of Leghorn and white satin, the latter let in between the Leghorn in full puffs; the brim, which is composed of Leghorn, is very deep over the face, but shorter at the sides than any of those we have lately seen; it is rounded, and finished with a narrow *rouleau* of white satin laid on in waves, between each of which is a full lozenge of white net, edged with very narrow blond; it is bound at the edge with white satin, ornamented with a bouquet of poppies and wild roses, and tied under the chin with white satin strings. We must observe, that this is a carriage bonnet.

A very neat breakfast dress has just made its appearance; it is called the Kent wrapper; is composed of cambric-muslin, and is trimmed with a mixture of soft muslin and rich French work. The wrapper, which is of the robe form, open in front, is moderately long in the waist, with

a very little fulness in the lower part of the back; the fronts are tight to the shape; pelerine collar; the upper part of which stands up round the throat, and the lower forms a small cape. The trimming consists of a broad piece of soft muslin, laid on full, and cased, in the cork-screw style, with gold-coloured riband; this trimming goes all round; it forms the upper part of the collar; the lower, that is, the pelerine part, is composed of a fall of rich work. The bottom of the wrapper is also finished by a fall of work set on full. Long loose sleeve, trimmed both at the shoulder and wrist with work. The bottom of the petticoat is trimmed to correspond with the wrapper.

Among the higher circles, waists are longer than they have been worn for some time. The backs of dresses also are made rather narrower; and those that are made low, are cut down very much all round the bust. Muslin is still partially adopted for dinner and evening dress; but stout silks are rather more in estimation; and poplins begin to be very much worn in home costume; figured poplins, in particular, seem likely to be greatly in favour. We have observed one of these with a singularly pretty trimming; the gown was a very dark green, and the trimming was satin, a shade or two lighter; it was laid on in festoons, each of which was edged with a fulness of gauze to correspond, and ornamented with a small satin bow; there were two rows.

Flowers still continue to be the most prevailing ornament for the hair in full dress. Feathers are used for *toques* and turbans, both of which are rather more in favour than they have been for some time back; they are still, however, only partially worn. There are some turbans, and those we think are the prettiest which are formed of silk net scarfs, striped in various colours: these are disposed in the Indian style, and worn without any ornament. Fashionable colours are—poppy, light and dark blue, gold-colour, rose-colour, lavender, which, we must observe, continues long in favour, and bright puce-colour.

COSTUMES PARISIENS.

THE promenades exhibit no appearance of a change of season; the dresses are still as light as they were in the middle of summer. *Perkale* continues to be the only material in favour for gowns; those that are made high have not altered since last month. Low gowns, which are always worn with a *fichu*, are cut in a very decorous manner round the bust. Short sleeves are now seldom, indeed, hardly ever, seen. Waists continue quite as long as last month, and the skirts of dresses touch the ground in walking.

The only covering adopted in out-door costume is a lace pelerine, a cambric handkerchief, or a handkerchief composed of alternate stripes of gold-thread and silk; these last, though rich, have something about them antique and heavy; but the black lace pelerines, which are always of a very rich pattern, look remarkably well. The cambric *fichus* are made with long ends in front, and a large collar; they are slightly embroidered all round.

The materials for *chapeaux* are *gros de Naples*, crape, straw, and *perkale*. The latter is particularly fashionable for small dress hats, which are made with brims, narrow in front and behind, but rather wide at the sides; they turn up a little at the sides, and are tied under the chin; they are always ornamented with flowers; wreaths are most in favour; and they are generally composed of intermingled white and red roses. Bonnets are worn large in the brim, but with small crowns; the latter, with few exceptions, are set in like the caul of a cap, and are always of an oval shape; the brim is sometimes rounded at the edge, at others, square; it is variously trimmed at the edge; some have a very full puffing of gauze, or *tulle*, which is not attached to the edge, but set on a little above it; others have a full *ruche* of the same material as the bonnet, if that is crape or gauze; and many have a full fall of blond net surmounted by a *rouleau* of satin.

THE
APOLLONIAN WREATH.



THE FLIGHT OF SIN;

AN ODE, IRREGULAR.



By ROBERT EDGAR.



ERE man fell low, there did exist,
In central earth, a drear and murky cave,
Whose atmosphere, composed of filthy mist,
Roll'd thick and turbid in full many a wave;
'Twas roof'd with stalactites of blood congeal'd,
Each stalactite a dagger did appear
All blood-stain'd o'er; from day 'twas ever seal'd,
Though light upshot and lit the prison drear;
Right i' the centre stood a pool of lead,
Where weeds of baneful influence uprais'd
Their slimy stems; the bloated toad its head
Just rear'd, and croak'd, and div'd again amaz'd;
Here Sin, foul monster, did her breath inhale;
Her food, the toad; her drink, the muddy lake;
Here lay she down her putrid body pale,
Here lay she, ever on the watch, awake,
Till the dread trump should bray a piercing blast;
A blast which summon'd her to rouse the fiends
Of Envy and her train, in torpor cast,
And send them hissing like contagious winds.
The bonds of innocence were sever'd wide;
Man sinn'd, and stood astounded at the thought.
The trumpet roar'd, and Sin, with dev'lish pride,
Foul envy woke, and thus her business taught:—

"Hear me, child! Thy with'ring way
Wing through the bowels of the globe;
Wing till the beaming light of day
Doth o'er thee spread her golden tissued robe;
Then thy potent influence
Through the human race dispense—
So commands the king of Hell!
Haste, Oh! haste thee from my cell."
Straight the fiend her leathery wing
Op'd aside, loud answering.
Quickly through the channel then
Flapp'd her way from out the den.
Sin 'gan beat the clanking gong
As through the earth she wound along,
That the king of Hell might hear
His commands she held in fear.

Hell loud roar'd
When the gong was heard;
And the dev'lish fiend seiz'd a vengeful sword
And clash'd it against his shield!
"Now hear," cried he, "my prophetic word—
Cain's deadly envy shall be stirr'd;
Abel shall fall—and though his reward
Be Heaven,
Mine shall be plac'd in the death of Cain!
Though years full many will roll
Before he shall taste of the deadly bane,
Before I receive his soul.

Still Envy wound her toilsome way,
Through a channel of rock and earthly clay,
Till she came to Etna's base;
When, cloth'd in a pillar of fire and smoke,
Through the rumbling mount her way she broke,
And burst from the crater aloft.
She lit on earth—
She sought out Cain—
She call'd to mind his slighted fane—
She breath'd an everlasting stain—
And fled exulting

His eyes 'gan sparkle—
His blood to boil—
With the tempest's hurtle—
His soul to toil!
Man's heart did ne'er receive a soil
So poison racking!

Hell's horrid signal once again
Bray'd through the veins which penetrate the earth,
Rousing up Sin, who rear'd herself with pain,
Whose loathsome body was th' abode of dearth;
She paid attention to the sounds which broke
From the shrill trump; half leaning on her hand,
She caught each word, which echoing bespoke
The dread particulars of Hell's command.
Then to the rock, where Murder lay asleep,
She waded o'er her ankles i' the slime
Through which the dregs of Nature's life did creep,
The filthy emblems of appalling crime!
Arriv'd at length, she shook the drowsy fiend,
Whose hair was clotted o'er with purple blood—
Whose haggard eye with worse than lightning gleam'd—
Whose brows shot threat'ning like the serpent's hood!
Forth from the rock he, starting, upwards sprung;
Receiv'd his order from unsightly Sin;
And answering obeisance, loudly rung
The vaulted cavern with his hideous din!
Then spread his wings, and pois'd his body dire—
Wings of iron, dripping o'er with blood—
And through the channel, like a flame of fire
Shot up convulsive, whizzing as he rode!

Uprose the dawn in cloudy vest,
All nature was in sadness dress'd;
Uprose Abel, in cheerful mood,
And pray'd to the God who gave him blood;
Uprose Cain, with a turbid soul,
Like thunder did his passions roll,
And *Murder*, in the air unseen,
Breath'd on his heart a canker green.

The shepherd left his blissful shed ;
The tiller shortly followed ;
The former little deem'd he ne'er
Should greet the 'morrow morning fair,
So down the furzy heath he wound,
And heeded not the omens round ;
The howling breeze cried, " Murder's near !"
The raven croak'd, a warning drear ;
The shaggy dog did thrice essay
To drag him back the wonted way ;
But fate his penetration keen
Had blunted, so that nought was seen.
But now along the dusky plain,
With fell intent, his way wound Cain ;
Now hid among the furze his head,
Now high aloft it towered.
And, as the serpent coils along,
Now rears his head, now creeps among
The matted grass, and suddenly
Darts on its victim doom'd to die—
So darted Cain, his club uprais'd ;
Young Abel started back amaz'd ;
And Murder furrowing through the air
The path of death, the blossom fair
Fell to earth ; and Nature groan'd,
Whilst Hell in triumph did resound.

Sin yell'd, and the gong 'gan beat ;
For Murder now had burst the strongest tie !
Her children started up on trembling feet ;
For what sin rests when rous'd by murder's cry ?
And he who first his baneful wings outspread
Was Robbery, with craving appetite ;
Who when caress'd by tyrants, it is said,
This is not robbery, but legal right ;
Then Lust, a naked female, sweet to see,
Whose eyes bright sparkled like evening star,
Whose rosy wings wide scatter'd fragrancy,
Sprang up aloft, and wing'd her flight afar ;
Then Gluttony's unweildy carcase made

The air beneath him loudly to bewail;
And giddy Drunkenness did reeling wade
From the foul slime, and slide along the gale;
Next started up a host of fiendly sins,
'Mongst which were Whoredom and Ingratitude,
And Treachery and Tyranny, whose dins
Rous'd all the others from their lassitude;
And then rose Atheism, whose eyes were blind,
Whose soul was horrible, yet resolute;
And then his child, proud Suicide, behind,
Who deem'd this life unworthy of a brute!

Cætera desunt.

ON THE MISERIES OF WAR.

(Concluded from page 178.)

EVEN I, secluded from the world's sad strife,
And calmly leading a domestic life,
One sad example can, from many, bring,
To prove the sorrows I attempt to sing.
Behold that cot, where wild the rose appears,
To tell the happiness of former years,
When, nicely prun'd, it grac'd the little door,
Now speaks the hand that train'd it—is no more!
Yet still luxuriantly its branches throws
O'er the lov'd spot, where first its branches rose;
Put by the clust'ring boughs, they hide a form,
Left like itself, unshelter'd from the storm.
Behold that drooping female—her sad dress,
And streaming eyes speak widow's loneliness!
Yes; she to War's ensanguine fury owes
The various pangs her wretched bosom knows.
At early age, an helpless orphan left,
By war of brother, and of sire, bereft.
The victim of despair, her mother died,
And left her child to one she thought would guide
Her early youth, and act a parent's part;
But he possess'd a sordid, wicked heart,

And by dishonest means obtain'd the power
To keep from Ellen all her mother's dower,
If, without his consent, she should approve,
And give to worth the recompense of love.
She long had lov'd; his sanction was denied;
Poor, and unportion'd, she became a bride.
Rich in the warmth of love, the charms of youth,
Her own devotedness, her lover's truth,
Truth that had been by her lost parents blest,
Without a murmur, she resign'd the rest;
But happier was their cot than splendid dome,
However rich, if but a loveless home.
They felt no present pang, no future dread;
But months of bliss, alas! too quickly fled;
For call'd to join in war's destructive strife,
In speechless agony, he clasp'd his wife!
Unhappy girl! could not thy father's fate,
And brother's, bring thee warning ere too late,
Still would you wed with one that might renew
The bleeding sorrows you so early knew.
Almighty love! from thy delighted eyes,
All dread of ill—all fear of peril flies!
The present bliss o'erpowers the future dread,
And prudence flies where'er thy footsteps tread.
Her pleading pray'rs, her flowing tears, were vain;
He went—but never to return again.
She is a mother, but no father came
To bless, and give her tender babe a name.
Scarce had she gaz'd upon her infant boy,
With all the transports of a mother's joy—
Indulg'd the visions love and fancy rear—
Th' enraptur'd thought of shewing pledge so dear—
When on her sick'ning sense the fatal truth
Came like a pestilence to blast her youth.
The thought of that dear form among the slain,
Unheeded lying on the gore-stain'd plain,
Shook reason from her throne—behold her stray,
Alone, and mad, a melancholy way!
Wild as her emblem rose, she looks around,
Throws her fair arms where no support is found;

Tho' shrinking from the blast, her fragile form,
Still bending, braves the fury of the storm!
And far from home, poor Ellen oft would stray,
While her poor babe on couch neglected lay;
Her bosom, chill'd with grief, no longer flow'd
The nurture there, kind Providence bestow'd;
And death had nipt the bud ere it had blown,
Had not her neighbours soft compassion shewn;
His piteous cry awaken'd love around,
And the poor baby many mothers found.
He grew a lovely boy, and in his face,
His father's features all distinctly trace.
Ellen much fondness for the child had shewn,
But seem'd to know not that he was her own;
Taught her endearing epithet to name,
He'd fondly kiss her, and pronounce the same;
Climb on her knees—arrange her cluster'd hair,
And then its colour with his own compare.
She'd often gaze, and seem, at times, to lose
The apathy of madness, and to muse
Till quite restor'd—her mental darkness fled,
Reason recall'd, again her bosom bled
With recollection of her woe-fraught life—
How young an orphan—and no more a wife;
No more a wife! but could a mother claim
So sweet a boy, and yet forget the name—
Forget the duties that to him she owed—
Her gratitude for care on him bestow'd?
Tears came, to ease her o'ercharg'd heart, again,
Those soothing drops that ease the bosom's pain.
With reason came religion's powerful aid;
She on her knees for resignation pray'd;
Thank'd the Almighty Power, who had restor'd
Her mental light to guide the bade ador'd.
This child is now her only blessing here;
But Hope presents that higher, brighter sphere,
Where she will meet the blessing here denied—
Give to his father her delight and pride—
Be re-united in that realm where, sorrow o'er,
Parting and pain and death are felt no more!

Now cease, my Muse! thy strain of sorrow cease;
Reverse the theme, and hail the blessing Peace!
Oh, Britons! kneel, and with one grateful voice,
Hail the bright goddess! hail her, and rejoice!
May she be lasting, and her heav'nly smile
Chase War's sad image from our favour'd isle!

ELVIRA.

STANZAS.

OCCASIONED ON SEEING CHARITY-CHILDREN IN CHURCH.

YE noble breasts! where misery finds a friend,
May every blessing rest upon your head!
Calm be your hours, till life's gay visions end;
And death enrolls you with th' illustrious dead.

How lovely to behold the orphan blest;
And think your charity design'd the plan—
To mark the nurselings on the day of rest
Chant praise to God—their gratitude to man.

The organ swelling through the sacred pile,
Co-mingling sweet, attunes the heart to praise—
Nay, Atheists' thoughts to heaven are turn'd the while,
And their cold souls expand, thro' error's maze.

Their bosoms glow—religious feelings rise,
And all the best affections cheer their breast;
Entranc'd they listen—gaze with humid eyes,
Till fancy flies to realms of endless rest.

Somer's Town.

W. S—s.

NOTES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

"Man is made to Mourn," by Mr. C. Feist, "Light and Shadow," by Prior, "Contentment," by J. P. "To my beloved Wife, on the Birth of our first Child," by Mr. J. M. Lacey, and a "Sonnet," by Mr. Hatt, shall appear in our next.

"Lines to Miss M—C—, of C—l—w—h," by Y. Z. and a "Sonnet," by Mr. Wm. L—, are received; but the latter cannot be inserted.

"The Lament of Wallace," "Dying Verses," "The Virgin Spirit," "Affliction," and other Pieces, by Mr. T. F. Wood, are received, and will meet with due attention.



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Drawn & Engraved by J. Thompson.

*Miss Catherine Stephens.
as Lucy Berkham.*

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